Douce
V. 29

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V. 29

The greatest part of this book consists of Dekkar's Gull's Horn-book, though without any acknowledgment of so impudent a plagiarism. It is occasionally abridged and adapted, in point of manners, to its own time. From p. 73 it is original.

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THE

YOUNG GALLANT'S

Academy.

OR,

Lirections how he ſhould behave himſelf in all Places and Company.

As,
1. In an Ordinary.
2. In a Play-houſe.
3. In a Tavern.
4. As he paſſes along the Street all hours of the Night.
5. And how to avoid Conſtables Interrogatories.

To which is added,

The Character of a Town-Huff.

TOGETHER WITH

The CHARACTER of a right Generous and well-bred GENTLEMAN.

By *Sam. Overcome.*

LONDON, Printed by *J. C.* for *R. Mills*, at the *Peſtle* and *Mortar* without *Temple-Bar*. 167[illegible]

TO

The truly vertuous Lover and Incourager of Learning and Ingenuity *George Doddington* Esq.

FLattery and *Ingratitude* I have always esteemed so much unbecoming a Person that hath that Noble Faculty of the Soul *Reason*, that he that should be guilty of either of them, is not fit for, or ought to be admitted into humane Society. For what can we do

with, or know we how to deal with these deformed Animals; the one wheadles Gentlemen out of their Estates, with their Protestations and fair pretences; the other laughs at us when he hath got his ends: and though you have but immediately before relieved him with mony out of your purse, the same person shall be glad to see you in a Goal. But give me leave to testifie to the world, that you have neither been an Admirer or Cherisher of these foul (but now too-much-adored) Monsters. And I my self have been so far from

from doating on them, that having served under the Colours of that excellent, but now despised Lady, *Good Nature*, I am not in so good an Equipage as when I first entered my self into her Service. But now lest I my self, whilest I am raylng upon this sort of Creatures, should be thought to be a *Wolf* in *Sheeps Cloathing*, and a *Lyon* under a *Lambs* skin: Be not angry with me if I tell you, the former Obligations and Favours you conferred upon me, imboldened me thus to attempt: and I should be ingrateful indeed, should I not

endeavour ſome ſmall Retaliations. I have therefore put into your hands a homely piece of Work, neither ſo good as you deſerve, nor ſo rich as I do wiſh it: I muſt entreat you to blame the vanity of our Age and Times, which are ſo fantaſtical grown, that they covet Stuffs rather ſlight to feed the eye with ſhew, than ſubſtantial for enduring: let the *Faſhion* be *French*, 'tis no matter what the *Cloath* be. I have therefore not (with the Sturgeon) ſwam againſt the Stream, but followed the humorous Tides of this Age, and

& like *Democritus* have faln a laughing at all the world, ſeeing it doth nothing but mock it ſelf. Sir, you have here the behaviour and Character of a *Fop* compoſed, to ſhew the Apiſh Faſhions, and ridiculous Humors and Converſations of ſome of our Town-Gallants, of whoſe Actions you are ſo far from being an Admirer and Imitator, that while they are ſwallowing down the ſweet morſels of Sin, and in the midſt of *Revelling*, courting their *Miſtreſſes* (as their Gentile word is) and inventing *New Oaths* for to be able to keep Com-

pany with only ſuch as themſelves; and whileſt they ſtudy the very height of Debauchery, and account him a boon Companion that is moſt vitious, You are taken up in a far more Noble Exerciſe, and ſpend your ſpare hours in reading *Hiſtory*; and for the laying out a little mony, receive a larger intereſt than the greateſt Uſurers do for their money: by looking on thoſe Proſpective-glaſſes, you behold Kingdoms and People afar off, come acquainted with their Manners, their Policies, their Government, their Riſings and their Downfals:

You

You are preſent at their Battles without danger to your ſelf, unleſs it is in grieving to ſee States ſo overthrown by the mutability of Fortune: you ſee thoſe Empires utterly brought to ſubverſion, which had been Terrors and Triumphers over all Nations upon Earth. Oh *Hiſtories!* You Sovereign Balms to the Bodies of the Dead, that preſerve them more freſh than if they were alive, keep the Fames of Princes from periſhing, when Marble Monuments cannot ſave their bones from being rotten; you faithful Intelligencers between

tween Kingdoms, you truest Counsellors to Kings, even in greatest dangers, be not angry with me if I am something tedious in setting forth the excellencie of your delight (*History*) Happy you are by Birth, happy by your bringing up; but most happy, in that the *Muses* too have been your Darling. The Path which true Nobleness had wont and ought to tread, lies directly before you; you have been ever, and are now in the way, which imboldens me to presume, that as our greatest Commanders will not disdain to instruct even a fresh-

watered

watered Souldier in the School-points of VVar; so out of your generous disposition, you will vouchsafe to view the labour of so dull a Pen, and not censure me for consecrating so idle a Pamphlet to you. And say not that the world will take you to be of that number that desire to have your Name in print only to get a vain Reputation, and that by the superfluities of so idle a brain as mine; No Sir, 'tis a piece of *Drollery*, I confess, but not designed nor writ to droll upon you, but only to let the world see that you are of so sedentary and reti-

red

red a Nature and Conversation, that it is requisite for your divertisement to view the Fopperies of this Age. If you give entertainment to this in your best affection, you will bind me (one day) to heighten your Name, when by some more worthy Column I shall Consecrate that and your self to an Everlasting and Sacred Memory, most affectionately desirous to be

Yours,

SAM. VINCENT.

TO

TO THE READER.

TO come to the Preſs, is more than to be preſſed to death: for the pain of thoſe Tortures laſt but a few minutes; but he that lies upon the Rack in Print, hath his fleſh torn off by the Teeth of Envy and Calumny, though he means no Perſon any harm. I think therefore 'twere better to make ten Challenges at all manner of Weapons, than to play a Scholars Prize upon a Book-ſellers Stall: for the one draws but Blood, by the other

other a man is drawn and quartered. Take heed of Criticks, *they bite like Fish at any thing, especially at Books; nay, the* Stationers *themselves are turned* Demi-Criticks. *Go to one and offer a Copy; if it be merry, the man likes no light stuff; if it be sad, it will not sell: another meddles with nothing but what fits the times. I would have his Shop filled with nothing but* Gazets *and* Proclamations. *Since therefore that neither hot nor cold can please, neither strait nor crooked can serve as a measure to some mouths; what a miserable and endless labour does he undertake, that in a few scribled Sheets hopes to wrap up the Loves of all men? Better it were for him in my Judgment to turn his Leaves into such* Paper-Kites *as Boys run after whilest they fly in the Air, than to publish his Wits in Print, and yet be count-*

ed

ed but a Fool *for his* Labour. *Yet notwithſtanding with ſuch a tickling* Itch *is this Printed* Ambition *troubled, that ſome are never at better eaſe than when they are* ſcratching *upon Paper. Of theſe ſharp-toothed Dogs you ſhall find me none. I hold no whip in my hand, but rather a ſoft* Feather; *and there drops rather Water than Gall out of my Quill. I have only Drawn the Pictures of ſome Ignorant* Young Gallants, *and* Younger Brothers, *alias* Gulls: *If you bid them Welcome, I am glad; if not, I cannot be much ſorry, becauſe the Cook knew not your Diet; ſo that his Error was Ignorance, and Ignorance is a venial Sin to be Pardoned.*

Nam veniam pro laude peto: laudatus abunde,
Non faſtidītus ſi tibi (*Lector*) ero.

THE

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THE INTRODUCTION.

I Sing (like the *Cuckoe* in *June*) to be laught at; if therefore I make a ſcurvy Noiſe, and that my Tunes ſound un-Muſically (they being altogether lame in reſpect of the bad Feet, and unhandſome in reſpect of the worm-eaten Faſhion:) You that have Authority under the Broad Seal of Mouldy Cuſtome, to be called, *The Gentle Audience*, ſet your hands to my Pardon; or elſe, becauſe I ſcorn to be upbraided that I profeſs to Inſtruct others in an Art whereof I my ſelf am Ignorant; Do your worſt, chuſe whe-

ther you will let my Notes have you by the Ears or no: Hiſs, or give *Plandites*, I care not a Nut-ſhel which of either: You can neither ſhake our Comick Theatre with your ſtinking breath of Hiſſes, nor raiſe it with the Thunder-claps of your Hands; up it goes *in deſpetto del fato*: a Coat with four Elbows (for any one that will wear it) is put to making in defiance of the *Seven Wiſe Miſtreſſes*. For I have ſmelt out of the *muſty* ſheets of an old *Almanack*, that (at one time or other) even he that talks all *Adagies*; even he that will not have a wrinkle in his new Suite, though his Mind be uglier than his Face, and his Face ſo ill-favouredly made, that he looks at all times as if a Tooth-drawer were fumbling about his Gums, with a thouſand lame *Heteroclites* more that cozen the World

World with a Flaxen *Perruke* and a pair of *Pantaloons*, will be glad to ſtep in, and be driven (like a Flemiſh *Hoy* in ſoul weather) to ſlip into our School, and take out a Leſſon. Tuſh, *Cælum petimus ſtultitiâ*; all that are choſen *Conſtables* for their *Wit*, go not to *Heaven*. A Fig therefore for the new-found *Colledge* of *Critick*s, that do nothing but ſing forth the *Gunnith-Air* of *Complemental Courteſie*, and at the Ruſtical Behaviour of our Country-*Muſe*, will *skrew* forth worſe *Faces*, than thoſe wch God & the Painter hath beſtowed upon *You*. I defie your perfumed Scorn, and vow to poyſon your *Muſk-Cats*, if ever their *Civet-Excrements* do but once play with my *Noſe*. You ordinary Gulls, that through a poor and ſilly Ambition to be thought that you inherit the *Revenues* of an extraordinary *Wit*,

will ſpend your *ſhallow* Cenſure upon the moſt elaborate Writings ſo laviſhly, that all about you take you to be *Heirs*-apparent to Rich *Myd-aſs*, that had more Skill in *Alchymy*, than *Kelly* with the Philoſophers-Stone; (for all that he could lay his *Fingers* on, turned into beaten *Gold*.) Dry *Tobacco* with my *Leaves* (you Good dry-brain'd *Polypnagmoniſts*) till your *Pipe-Officers* ſmoak with your ſtinking *biſſes* ſhot out againſt me. I Conjure You (as you come of the right *Gooſe-Caps*) ſtain not your *Houſe*, but when at a *New Play* you take up your *Seat* in the *Pit*, or one of the *Boxes* (becauſe the *Lords* and you may ſeem *Hayl Fellows well-met*.) *There* draw forth this *Book*, *Read* aloud, *Laugh* aloud, *Play* the *Anticks*, that all the whole *Houſe* may take notice of You. As for thee *Zoilus*, Go hang thy ſelf; and

for thee *Momus*, Chew nothing but *Hemlock*, and ſpit nothing but the Syrup of *Aloes* upon my Papers, till thy very rotten *Lungs* come forth for Anger. I am *Snake*-proof, and though with *Hannibal* you bring whole Hogſheads of *Vinegar-Raylings*, it is impoſſible for you to *quench*, or *come over* my *Alpine-Reſolution*. I'll *ſail* boldly and deſperately along the Shore of the *Iſle* of *Gulls*; and in defiance of thoſe terrible *Block-Houſes*, their *Logger-heads*, will make a true Diſcovery of their *wild*, yet *habitable* Country.

Sound an *Alarm* therefore (Oh my Courageous *Muſe!*) and like a Common Cryer, make Proclamation with thy *Drum*; the effect of Thine *O Yes* being, *That if any Man, Woman, or Child, be he Lord, be he Clown; be he Courtier, be he Carter; of the* Inns *of* Court, *hating*

ting from the bottom of his heart all Good Manners, *and* Generous Education, *is really in love, or rather doats on that Excellent Country-Lady,* Innocent-Simplicity, *being the First, Faireſt, and Chieſeſt* Chamber-maid *that our Great Grandame* Eve *entertain'd into* Service: *Or if any* Perſon *aforeſaid, longing to make a* Voyage *in the* Ship *of* Fools, *would* venture *all the* Wit *that his* Mother *left* him, *to live in the Country of* Gulls, Cockneys, *and* Coxcombs; *to the intent, that* haunting *the* Two THEATERS, *he may onely* Learn PLAY-SPEECHES, *which afterwards may* furniſh *the* neceſſity *of his* bare *Knowledge, to maintain* Table-Talk; *or elſe frequenting* Taverns, *deſires to take* the Bacchanalian Degrees, *and to write himſelf into* Arte Bibendi Magiſter: *Let all ſuch (and I hope*

hope the World hath not left her old Faſhions, *but there are ten thouſand ſuch*) *repair hither: never* knock, *but with your Feet* ſpurn *open the Door, and enter into our* School. *You ſhall not need to buy* Books; *No, ſcorn to diſtinguiſh a* B *from a* Battle-door; *only look that your* Ears *be long enough to reach our* Rudiments, *and you are made for* ever.

It is by Heart that I would have you to *con* my *Leſſons*; and therefore be ſure to have moſt *devouring* Stomachs; nor be you *terrified* with an Opinion, that our *Rules* be hard and *indigeſtable*, and that you ſhall never be *good* Graduates in thoſe *rare* Sciences of Barbariſm and *Idiotiſm*. Oh! Fie upon any Man that carries that *ungodly* mind. Tuſh, tuſh, the greateſt *Fool* that ever was, never *Plaid* the *Clown* more *naturally*, than the *arranteſt*

Sot of you all ſhall, if he will but *boyl* my Inſtructions in his *Brain-pan.*

And leſt I my ſelf, like ſome *Pedantical* Vicar, ſtammering out a moſt *falſe* and *crackt* Latine Oration to Mr. Major of the Town and his Brethren, ſhould *cough* and *hem* in my Deliveries; by which means, *You*, my Auditors, ſhould be in danger to depart *more* like *Woodcooks*, than when you came to me: Oh! Thou Venerable Father of antient & therefore *hoary*) Cuſtoms *Sylvanus!* I invoke thy Aſſiſtance. Thou that firſt *taughteſt* Carters to wear Hob-nails, and Clowns to *play* Chriſt-maſs-Gambols, Oh do thou! Or, If thou art not at leiſure, let thy *Mountebank*, Goat-footed *Fauni*, inſpire me with the knowledge of all thoſe *ſilly* and *ridiculous* Faſhions, which the Old *dunſtical* world *wore*, even out at

El-

Elbows. Draw for me the Pictures of the *moſt* ſimple Fellows *then* living, that by their Paterns I may *paint* the like. Awake! Thou *nobleſt* Drunkard, *Bacchus*, Thou muſt likewiſe ſtand to me (if at leaſt thou canſt for *reeling*) teach me how to take the Germans *Op ſijn Frize*, the Daniſh *Rowſa*, the Switzers *Stoop of Rheniſh*, the Italians *Parmaſant*, the Engliſhmans *Healths* and *Frolicks*. Hide not a *drop* of thy *moiſt* Myſtery from me, thou *plumpeſt Swill-bowl*. Thirdly, (Becauſe I will have *more* than two Strings to my Bow) Come thou Clerk of Gluttonies Kithin; Do thou alſo bid me *Pro-face*; and let me not ariſe from Table, till I am perfect in all the *general* Rules of Epicures and Cormorants: fatten thou my Brains, that I may feed others, and teach them both how to ſquat down to their meat,

meat, and how to munch ſo like *Loobies*, that the wiſeſt *Solon* in the world ſhall not be able to take them for any others. If there be any ſtrength in thee, thou *beggarly* Monarch of *Indians*, and *ſetter-up* of *rotten-lung'd* Chimney-Sweepers (*Tobacco!*) I beg it at thy ſmoaky hands; make me thy adopted Heir, that inheriting the virtues of thy whiffs, I may diſtribute them amongſt all Nations: after thy *Pipe* ſhall ten thouſand be taught to *Dance*, if thou wilt but diſcover to me the ſweetneſs of thy *Smuffs*, with the manner of *ſpawling*, *ſpitting* and *driveling* in all *places*, and before all *perſons*. Oh! what Songs will I *charm* forth in praiſe of thoſe valiantly-ſtrong ſtinking-breaths, which are eaſily purchaſed at thy hands, if I can but get thee to *travel* through my *Noſe*. All the *foughs* in the faireſt

Ladies

Ladies *mouths* that ever *kiſt* Lord, ſhall not fright me from thy *Brown* preſence; for thou art *humble*, and from the *Courts* of *Princes* haſt *vouchſafed* to be acquainted and drunk for *Company* with Watermen, Carmen, and Colliers; whereas *before*, and ſo *ſtill*, Knights and *wiſe* Gentlemen, were, and are, thy *Companions*. Laſt of all, Thou Lady of Clowns and Carters! School-Miſtreſs of *Fools* and *Wiſe-acres!* Thou *homely* (but harmleſs) *Rusticity*! Oh breath thy *dull* and *dunſtical* Spirit into our *Ganders* Quill. Crown me thy *Poet*, not with a Garland of *Bays* (Oh! no, the number of thoſe that ſteal *Laurel*, is too *monſtrous* already.) But *ſwaddle* thou my *brows* with thoſe unhandſome *Boughs*, which (like *Autumn*'s rotten-hair) hang dangling over thy *duſty* Eye-lids. Help me (thou Midwife of unman-

mannerlyneſs) to be delivered
this *Embryon* which lies tumbli
in my Brain. Direct me in t
hard and dangerous Voyage, t
being ſafely arrived on the deſi
Shore, I may build up Altars
thy unmatchable rudeneſs.
Herculean a labour is this that I u
dertake, that I am inforced to *b*
out for all your Succours; to t
intent I may aptly furniſh this *Fe*
of *Fools*, unto which I ſolemn
invite all the world: for at it ſh
fit, not only thoſe whom Fortu
favours, but even thoſe whoſe W
are naturally their own. Yet b
cauſe your artificial *Fools* bear
way the Bell, all our beſt Wor
manſhip at this time ſhall be ſpe
to faſhion ſuch a Creature.

CHA

CHAP. I.

The Old World *and* this New, *weighed together. The* Taylors *of thoſe times and theſe compared. The* Apparel *of our firſt Fathers.*

GOod Cloaths are the embroidered Trappings of *Pride*; and Good Chear the very *Eringo-root* of *Gluttony*. Did Man, think you, come wrangling into the World about no better matters, than all his life-time to make privy ſearches for Faſhions, or for Pies of Nightingals tongues in *Heliogabalus* his Kitchin? Oh! no: The firſt Suit of Apparel that ever mortal Man put on, came neither from the Mercers

Mercers ſhops, nor the Merchan
Ware-houſe. *Adam's Bill* wou
have been ſooner taken, than
Knights Bond now. Yet was
great in no bodies Books for T
fety or *Velvet*: the Silk-worm
had ſomething elſe to do in the
days, than to ſet up *Looms*, and
free of the *Weavers*. His Breech
were not ſo much worth as Kin
Stephens, that coſt but a poor N
ble: for *Adams* Holiday-Suit was n
better Stuff than plain Fig-leave
and *Eves* beſt Gown of the ſam
Piece; there went but a pair
ſhears betwixt them. An Ant
quary in this Town has yet ſom
of the Powder of thoſe Leaves dri
ed, to ſhew. Taylors then wer
none of the Twelve Companie
Their Hall, that now is larger tha
ſome Dorps among the *Nether
lands*, was then no bigger than a
ordinary Trades-mans Shop: the

dur

durſt not ſtrike down their Cuſtomers with their large Bills. *Adam* car'd not an Apple-paring for all their lowzy Hems. *Faſhions* then was counted a Diſeaſe, and Horſes died of it; but now (thanks to folly) it is held the only rare Phyſick, and the pureſt golden Aſſes live upon it.

As for the Diet of that *Saturnian* Age, it was like their Attire, homely: A Sallad and a Meſs of Leek-porridge was a Dinner for a far greater Man than ever the *Turk* was: Potato-pies and Cuſtards, ſtood like the ſinful Suburbs of Cookery, and had not a wall (ſo much as a handful high) built round about them. Oh, golden World! the ſuſpitious *Venetian* carved not his Meat with a ſilver Pitch-fork, neither did the ſweet-tooth'd *Engliſhman* ſtuff a dozen of Plates at one Meal. *Piers Plow-*

man

man lay'd the Cloth, and *Simpli-city* brought in the Voyder. How wonderfully is the world altered and no marvel: For it hath lain ſick above five thouſand years. So that it is now no more like the Old *Theatre du Monde*, than the Bear-Garden St. *James* his Park. What an excellent Workman therefore were he, that could caſt the Globe of it into a new Mould. And not to make it look like the ordinary Globe, with a round Face ſleekt, and waſhed over with the Whites of Eggs, but to have it in *Plano*, as it was at firſt, with all the antient Circles, Lines, Parallels and Figures, repreſenting indeed, all the Wrinkles, Cracks, Creviſes and Flaws that ſtuck upon it at the firſt Creation, and made it look moſt lovely. But now thoſe Furrows are filled up with *Cerus* and *Vermilion*; yet all will not

do

do, it appears more *ugly*. Come, come, it would be a *bald* World, but that it wears a *Perruke*: The Body of it is *fowl* (like a Birding-piece) by being too much heated: the breath of it stinks like the breath of Chamber-maids, by feeding on so many Sweet-meats; and though to purge it will be a sorer labour, than the cleansing of *Augeas* his Stable, yet *Ille ego qui quondam*, I am he that will do it.

Draw near therefore, all you that love to walk upon single and simple Souls, and that wish to keep Company with none but Innocents, and the Sons of civil Citizens; out with your Tables, and nail your Ears (as it were to the Pillory) to the Musick of our Instructions: nor let the Titles of Gullery and Bublery fright you from our School; for mark what

an excellent Ladder you are to
climbe by. How many worthy
and Men of famous Memory have
flouriſhed in *London* of that anti-
ent Family the *Wiſe-acres*, being
now no better eſteemed than Fools
or Younger Brothers? This geare
muſt be looked into, leſt in time
(oh lamentable time! when the
hour-glaſs is turned up) a Rich
mans Son ſhall no ſooner peep out
of the ſhell of his Minority, but
he ſhall be *ſtraight-ways* begged
for a concealment, or ſet upon (as
it were by *Free-booters*) and ta'n
in his own *Purſe-nets* by Fencers
and Coney-catchers: to drive
which peſtilent Infection from his
heart, here is a Medicine more po-
tent and more pretious than ever
was that mingle-mangle of Drugs
which *Mithridates* boyled toge-
ther; fear not then to taſte it,
Caudle will not go down half ſo
ſweetly

ſweetly as this will : You need not call the honeſt name of it in Queſtion; for Antiquity puts off his Cap, and makes a bare Oration in praiſe of the virtues of it: the Receipt hath been ſubſcribed unto by all thoſe that have had to do with *Simples*, with this Moth-eaten Motto, *Probatum eſt.* You therefore whoſe Bodies are either over-flowing with the corrupt humour of this Age, Phantaſtickneſs; or elſe being burnt up with the inflammation of upſtart Faſhions, would fain be purged, and to truly ſhew that you truly loath this polluted and mangie-fiſted world, turn Pinioniſts, not caring either for *Men* or their *Manners*; do you pledge me; ſpare not to take a deep draught of our homely Counſel: the Cup is full, and ſo large, that I boldly drink a Health unto all Comers.

CHAP. II.

*How a Gallant shall not on*ly keep his Cloaths (*which many of them can hardl*do for* Brokers) *but al*save the Charges of takin* Phyſick: *With other Rule*for the Morning. *The praiſ*of* Sleep, *and of goin*Naked.

YOu have heard all this while nothing but the Prologue and ſeen no more than a Dum Show: Our *Vetus Comedia* ſtep out now.

The fitteſt ſtay upon which yo (that ſtudy to be an Actor there are firſt to repreſent your ſelf, (in my Judgment) the ſofteſt and largeſt

largeſt Down-bed; from whence, if you will but take ſound Counſel on your Pillow, you ſhall never ariſe until you hear it *ring noon* at leaſt. Sleep, in the Name of *Morpheus*, your belly-full, or (rather) ſleep till your Belly grumbles and waxeth empty. Care not for thoſe courſe-painted Cloth-lines made by the Univerſity of *Salern*, that come over you with

Sit brevis aut nullus tibi ſomnus Meridianus.

Short let thy Sleep at *Noon* be,
Or rather let it *none* be.

Sweet candid Counſel! but there is Rats-bane under it. Truſt never a Batchelor of Art of them all; for he ſpeaks your health fair, but only to ſteal away the Maydenhead of it. *Salern* ſtands in the

luxurious Country of *Naples*; and who knows not but the *Neapolitans* will, like the *Jesuites*, embrace you with one hand, and rip your Gut with the other? protest love, yet hate mortally? There is not a hair in his *Mustacho*, but if he kiss you will stab you through the Cheek like a Ponyard. The Slave, to be avenged on his Enemy, will drink off a pint of Poyson himself, so that he may be sure but to have the other pledge him half so much. And it may be, upon some secret grudge to work the general destruction of all Men-kind. Physitians (I know) and none else, took up the Bucklers in their defence, rayling bitterly upon that Venerable and Princely Custome of long lying abed. Yet now I remember me, I cannot blame them; for they which want sleep (which is Man's natural rest) become either meer

Naturals,

Naturals, or else fall into the *Doctors hands*, and so consequently into the *Lords*: Whereas he that snorts profoundly scorns to let *Hippocrates* himself stand giving his judgment on his Urinal, and thereby saves the charges of a Groats worth of Physick; and happy is that man saves it: for Physick is *Non minus venifica quam benefica*; it hath an ounce of Gall in it, for every dram of Honey. Ten *Tyburns* cannot turn Men over the Pearch so fast as one of these *Brewers* of *Purgations*; the very nerves of their Practice being nothing but *Ars homicidiorum*; an Art to make poor Souls kick up their heels. Insomuch that even their sick grunting Patients stand in more danger of Mr. Doctor and his Drugs, than of all the Canon-shots which the desperate Disease it self can discharge against them. Send

them packing therefore to walk like *Italian Mountebancks*; bea not your Brains to understand their parcel Greek, parcel Latin Gibbrish: Let not all their Sophistical buzzing in your Ears, nor their Satyrical canvasing of Feather-beds, and tossing Men out of their warm Blankets, awake you till the Hour that is here prescribed. For do but consider what an excellent thing Sleep is; it is so inestimable a Jewel, that if a Tyrant would give his Crown for an hours slumber, it cannot be bought; of so beautiful a shape is it, that though a Man lie with an Empress, his Heart cannot be at quiet till he leaves her Embracements to be at rest with the other: Yea, so greatly are we indebted to this Kinsman of Death, that we owe the better Tributary half of our Life to him; and there is good Cause why

we ſhould do ſo; for Sleep is that Golden Chain that ties Health and our Bodies together. Who complains of Wants, of Wounds, of Cares, of Great Mens Oppreſſions, Captivity, whilſt he ſleepeth? Beggars in their Beds take as much pleaſure as Kings; Can we therefore ſurfet on this delicate *Ambroſia*? Can we drink of that too much, whereof to taſte a little tumbles us into a Church-yard, and to uſe it but indifferently, throws us into Bedlam? No, no, look upon *Endymion* the Moons Minion, who ſlept threeſcore and fifteen years, and was not a hair the worſe for it. Can lying abed till Noon then (being not the threeſcore and fifteenth part of his nap) be hurtful?

Beſides, By the Opinion of all Philoſophers and Phyſitians, 'tis not good to truſt the Air with our

our Bodies till the Sun with his flame-coloured wings hath fanned away the misty smoak of the Morn, and refined that thick Tobacco-breath which the rheumatick Night throws abroad on purpose to put out the Eye of the Element: which work Questionless cannot be perfectly finished, till the Suns Car-horses stand prancing on the very top of highest Noon: so that then (& not till then) is thy healthfullest hour to be stirring. Do you require Examples to perswade you? At what time do *Lords* and *Ladies* rise, but at that time? Your simpering *Merchants Wives* are the faireſt liers in the world; and is not eleven a Clock their common hour? they find (no doubt) unspeakable sweetness in such lying, or else they would not day by day put it into practice. In a word, Midday-slumbers are Gol-

den;

den; they make the body fat, the skin fair, the flesh plump, delicate and tender; they set a crimson Colour on the cheeks of young Women, and make Courage to rise up in Men; they make us thrifty, both in sparing *Victuals* (for Break-fasts thereby are saved from the Hell-mouth of the *Belly*) and in preserving *Apparel*; for whilest we warm us in our Beds, our Cloaths are not worn. The Casements of thine Eyes being then at this commendable time of Day newly set open, chuse rather to have thy wind-pipe cut in pieces than so Salute any man: Bid not *Good Morrow* so much as to thy Father, though he be an Emperor: an idle Ceremony it is, and can do him little good; to thy self it may bring much harm. For if he be a wise man, that knows how to hold his peace, of necessity he must

must be counted a fool that cannot keep his tongue.

Among all the wild men that run up and down in this wide *Foreſt of Fools* (the World) none are more ſuperſtitious than thoſe notable *Ebritians*, the Jews; yet a Jew never wears his Cap thredbare with putting it off; never bends in the Hams with caſting away a Leg; never cries *God ſave you*, though he ſee the Devil at your Elbow. Play the Jews therefore in this, and ſave thy Lips that labour; only to remember, that ſo ſoon as thy Eye-lids be unglued, thy firſt exerciſe muſt be (either ſitting upright on thy Pillow, or lying at thy Bodies length) to yawn and ſtretch, and gape wider than an Oyſter-Wench.

This Leſſon being played, turn over a new leaf, and (unleſs that *Frizeland-Cur*, cold Winter, offer

to

to bite thee) walk up and down a while in thy Chamber, either in thy thin ſhirt only, or ſtrip thy ſelf ſtark naked: Are we not born ſo, and ſhall a fooliſh Cuſtome make us to break the Laws of our Creation? Our firſt Parents, ſo long as they went naked, were ſuffered to dwell in Paradiſe; but after they got Coats to their backs, they were turned out of Doors. Put on therefore no Apparel at all, or put it on careleſly; for look how much more delicate Liberty is than Bondage, ſo much is the looſneſs in wearing of our Attire, above the impriſonment of being neatly and Taylor-like dreſt up. To be ready in our Cloaths, is to be ready for nothing elſe: A man looks as if he hung in Chains, or like a Scar-crow: and as thoſe excellent Birds (whom *Pliny* could never have the wit to catch in all

his

his Springes) commonly called *Woodcocks* (whereof there is great ſtore in *England*) having all their Feathers pluckt from their backs, and being turned out as naked as *Plato's* Cock was before all *Diogenes* his Scholars; even ſo ſtands the caſe with man. *Truth* (becauſe the bald-Pate her Father *Time* hath no Hair to cover his Head) goes ſtark naked; but *Falſhood* hath ever a Cloak for the Rain. You ſee likewiſe that the *Lyon*, being the King of Beaſts; the *Horſe*, being the luſtieſt Creature; the *Unicorn*, whoſe Horn is worth half a City; all theſe go with no more clothes on their backs than what Nature hath beſtowed upon them: but your *Jack-anapes* (being the ſcum and raſcallity of all the hedge-creepers) they go in Jerkins: Marry how? They are put into theſe rags only in mockery.

Oh

Oh! Beware therefore what you wear, and how you wear it; and let this heavenly Reaſon move you never to be handſome: for when the Sun is ariſing out of his Bed, doth not the Element ſeem more glorious than (being only in gray) at Noon, when he is in all his Bravery? it were madneſs to deny it: What man would not willingly ſee a beautiful woman naked, or at leaſt with nothing but a Lawn or ſome looſe thing over her? Shall we then abhor that in our ſelves, which we admire and hold to be ſo excellent in others? *Abſit.*

CHAP. III.

How a young Gallant ſhould accoſt to and warm himſelf by the Fire : *How attire himſelf. The Deſcription of a Mans Head. The praiſe of long Hair.*

BUt if (as it often happens, unleſs the Year catch the Sweating-Sickneſs) the Morning like Charity waxing cold, thruſt his froſty fingers into thy boſome, pinching thee black and blew (with her nails made of Ice) like an invincible Goblin, ſo that thy Teeth (as if thou wert ſinging a Prick-ſong) ſtand coldly quavering in thy Head, and leap up and down like the nimble Jacks of a pair

pair of Virginals; be then as swift as a Whirlwind, and as boystrous in tossing all thy cloaths in a rude heap together; with which bundle filling thine Arms, step bravely forth, crying, *Room, What a coyl keep you about the Fire?* The more are set round about it, the more is thy commendation, if thou either bluntly rideſt over their shoulders, or tumbleſt aside their Stools, to creep into the Chimney-corner: there toast thy body till thy schorched shins be speckled all over, being stained with more Colours than are to be seen on the right side of the Rainbow.

Neither shall it be fit for the state of thy health to put on thy Apparel, till by fitting in that hot-house of the Chimney, thou feeleſt the fat Dew of thy body (like basting) run trickling down thy

ſides; for by that means thou may'ſt lawfully boaſt, *That thou liveſt by the ſweat of thy brows.*

As for thy ſtockings and ſhooes, ſo wear them, that all men may point at thee, and make thee famous by that glorious name of *Male-content.*

Having thus apparelled thee from Top to Toe, according to that ſimple Faſhion which the greateſt *Coxcombs* in *Europe* ſtrive to imitate; it is now high time for me to have a blow at thy head; wch I will not cut off with ſharp Documents, but rather ſet it on faſter, beſtowing upon it ſuch excellent carving, that if all the Wiſemen of *Gotham* ſhould lay their Heads together, their *Jobber-nowls* would not be able to compare with thine.

To maintain therefore that Sconce of thine ſtrongly guarded and in good reparation, let never any

any Combe faſten his Teeth there: Let thy Hair grow thick and buſhy like a Foreſt, or ſome Wilderneſs, leſt thoſe *ſix*-footed Creatures that breed in it, and are Tenants to that *Crown-Land* of thine, be hunted to death by every baſe, barbarous *Barber*, and ſo that delicate and tickling pleaſure of ſcratching be utterly taken from thee; for thy Head is a Houſe built for Reaſon to dwell in; and thus is the Tenement framed. The two *Eyes* are the Glaſs-windows, at which Light diſperſes it ſelf into every Room; having goodly Penthouſes of Hair to overſhade them. As for the *Noſe*, though ſome (injuriouſly and moſt improperly) make it ſerve for an *Indian-Chimney*, yet ſurely 'tis rightly a Bridge, two Arches under which are neat Paſſages to convey as well Perfumes to air and ſweeten every Chamber, as

to carry away all noiſome Filth that is ſwept out of unclean Corners. The *Cherry-lips* open like the new-painted Gates of a Lord Majors Houſe, to take in Proviſion. The *tongue* is a Bell hanging juſt under the middle of the *Roof*; and leſt it ſhould be rung out too deep (as ſometimes it is when women have a Peal) whereas it was caſt by the firſt Founder only to *tole* ſoftly; there are two Rows of Ivory Pegs (like Pales) to keep it in. The *Ears* are two Muſick-rooms, into which, as well good ſounds as bad deſcend down two narrow pair of Stairs, that for all the world have crooked windings like thoſe that did lead to the top of *Pauls*-Steeple, when ſtanding before *that General Conflagration*: And becauſe when the Tunes are once got in, they ſhould not too quickly ſlip out, all the walls of both pla-

places are plaiſtered with yellow Wax round about them. Now as the faireſt Lodging, though it be furniſhed with Walls, Chimneys, Chambers, and all other parts of Architecture; yet if the Sieling be wanting, it ſtands ſubject to Rain, and ſo conſequently to Ruine: So would this goodly Palace which we have modelled out unto you, be but a cold and bald habitation, were not the top of it rarely covered. Nature therefore hath plaid the Tyler, and given it a moſt curious Covering, or (to ſpeak more properly) ſhe hath thatched it all over, and that thatching is *Hair*: if then thou deſireſt to reſerve that *Fee-ſimple* of Wit (thy Head) for *Thee* and the lawful *Heirs* of thy *Body*, let thy *Hair* receive his full growth, that thou may'ſt ſafely and wiſely brag 'tis thine own *Buſh* natural.

And withal conſider, that as thoſe ſnowy Fleeces which the naked Bryar ſteals from the innocent nibbling ſheep, to make him a warm Winter-livery, is to it an excellent Ornament; ſo make thou account that to have Feathers ſticking here and there on thy Head will embelliſh and ſet thy Crown out rarely. None dare upbraid thee, that like a Beggar thou haſt lain on the Straw, or like a *travelling* Pedler on muſty flocks: for thoſe Feathers will riſe up as Witneſſes to choak him that ſays ſo, and to prove that thy Bed was of the ſofteſt Down. When your Nobleſt Gallants conſecrate their Hours to their Miſtreſſes, and to Revelling, they wear Feathers then chiefly in their Hats, being one of the faireſt Enſignes of their Bravery: But be thou a Reveller or Miſtreſs-ſerver all the Year long,

by

by wearing Feathers in thy Hair, whoſe length before the rigorous edge of any Puritanical pair of *Scizzars* ſhould ſhorten the bredth of a finger, let the three Huſwively Spinſters of *Deſtiny* rather curtal the thred of thy life. Oh no! Long Hair is the only Net that Women ſpread abroad to entrap men in: And why ſhould not men be as far above Women in that Commodity, as they go beyond men in others? The *Merry Greeks* were called κομητοὶ, Long-haired. Looſe not thou (being an honeſt *Trojan*) that Honor, ſeeing it will more fairly become thee. Graſs is the Hair of the earth, which ſo long as it is ſuffered to grow, it carries a moſt excellent Colour; but when the Sun-burnt Clown makes his *Mowes* at it, and (like a *Barber*) ſhaves it off to the ſtumps, it withers, and

is good for nothing, but to be *truſt*, up and thrown among the Jades. How ugly is a bald-Pate? it looks like a Face wanting a Noſe, or like ground eaten bare with the Arrows of Archers. Whereas a Head all hid in Hair gives even to the moſt deformed Face a ſweet Complexion, and looks like a *Meadow* newly married to the *Spring*: which beauty in *Chriſtians* the *Turks* envying, they no ſooner lay hold on one, but the firſt Mark they ſet upon him to make him know that he is a Slave, is to ſhave off all his Hair cloſe to his Skull. A *Mahumetical* cruelty therefore it is, to ſtuff Balls with that which when it is once loſt, all the *hare-ſhooters* in the world may ſweat their Hearts out, and yet hardly *catch* it again. Long Hair will make thee look dreadfully to thine Enemies, and manly

to

o thy Friends: It is in Peace an Ornament, in War a ſtrong Helmet; it blunts the edge of a Sword, and deads the leaden thump of a Bullet. In Winter it is a warm Night-cap, in Summer a cooling Fan of Feathers.

CHAP.

Chap. IV.

Instructions how a young Gallant should behave himself at an Ordinary.

First, Diligently having enquired out an *Ordinary* of the *largest reckoning*, whither most of your Gallants do resort; let it be your use to repair thither about half an hour after Eleven, for then you shall find most of your Fashion-Mongers planted in the Room waiting for Meat.

Being arrived in the Room, Salute not any but those of your own Acquaintance: walk up and down as scornfully and as carelessly as a Gentleman-Usher. Select some friend, having first thrown off your Cloak, to walk up and down

down the Room with you; let him be Suited, if you can, worſe by far than your ſelf; for by this means he will publiſh you better than a Tennis-Court or a Play-houſe. Diſcourſe as much as you can, no matter to how little purpoſe: if you but make a noiſe, and laugh in Faſhion, and have a good grim Face to promiſe quarrelling, you ſhall be much obſerved.

If you be a Souldier, and have had any Command, talk how often you have been in ſuch an Action, as in all *the Three Laſt* Dutch-*Fights*; and that you fought ſo ſtoutly, that you were fain to ſhift your Ship twice; and that when the Captain of your Ship was killed (being then but Lieutenant) you fought three hours with *Trump*, and forced him to take his old courſe when worſted, to ſwim like a Water-rat; and that His

His Grace the Duke of *Monmouth* having heard of your Service in the Fleet (then cry, *But no matter Sirs, a man ought not to speak for his own praise*; upon which the Company will conclude you speak truth) he begged of the Prince that he might have you with him at the taking of *Maestricht*, and that the next man that entered after his good Grace, was your self; and though you say it, and should not say it, you were he that countermined all their Mines; and that for ought you know, had you not been there, the business had never been effected. And if you perceive that the untravelled Company take this down well, ply them with more such Stuff; as how you, as simple a Fellow as you seem to be, have Interpreted between the *French* King and the *Emperour*; and that will be an ex-

excellent way to publish your Languages, if you have them; if not, get some fragments of *French*, or small parcels of *Italian* to fling about the Table: but beware how you speak any *Latin* there; your *Ordinaries* most commonly have no more to do with *Latin*, than a *desperate* Town or Garrison hath.

If you be a Courtier, discourse of the obtaining Suits, of your Mistresses favours: Make inquiry if any Gentleman at the Board have any Suit to get, which he would use the good means of a Great Mans interest with the King; and withal (if you have not so much Grace left in you as to blush) that you are (thanks to your Stars) in mighty Credit, though in your own Conscience you know that you dare not (but only upon the Priviledge of handsome Cloaths) presume to peep within

within the Court-gates; yea, and rather than your tongue ſhould not be heard in the room, diſcourſe how often this Lady hath ſent her Coach for you, and how often you have ſweat in the Tennis-Court with that Great Lord or Duke.

If you be a Poet, and come into the Ordinary (though it can be no great Glory to be an ordinary *Poet*) Order your ſelf thus: Obſerve no man, though the Poet Laureat ſhould be there himſelf. Put not off your Hat to that Gentleman to day at Dinner, to whom not two Nights ago you were beholden for a Supper; but after a *turn* or two in the Room, take occaſion (pulling out your Gloves) to have ſome *Epigram* or *Satyr* faſtened in one of them, that may (as it were againſt your conſent) offer it ſelf to the Gentlemen: they will preſently deſire it;

but

but without mighty Conjuration from them do not read it: Marry, if you chance to get into your hands any witty thing of another mans that is ſomething better, I would counſel you then, if demand be made who compoſed it; you may ſay a very Learned Gentleman, and a worthy Friend; and this ſeeming to lay it on another man, will be counted modeſty in you, or a ſigne that you are not ambitious of praiſe, or elſe that you dare not take it upon you for fear of the ſharpneſs it carries with it: beſides it will add much to your Fame, to let your Tongue walk faſter than your Teeth, though you be never ſo hungry; and rather than you ſhould ſit like a dumb Coxcomb, to repeat by heart either ſome Verſes of your own, or any other mans, ſtretching even very good Lines upon the rack of Con-

Censure, though it be against Law, Honesty or Conscience, it may chance save you the price of your *Ordinary*. Marry, I would further intreat our Poet to be in League with the Mistress of the *Ordinary*; because from her, upon condition that he will but Rime Knights and Gentlemen to her House, he may easily make up his Mouth at her cost *gratis*.

Thus much for particular men: but in general, let all that are in *Ordinary*-pay, march after the sound of these Directions. Before the meat come smoaking to the Board, our Gallant must draw out his *Tobacco-Pox*, the Ladle for the cold Snuff into the Nostril, the Tongues and Stopper: all which Artillery, may be of Gold or Silver (if he can reach to the price of it) it will be a reasonable useful Pawn at all times, when the Current

of

of his Money falls out to run low.

When you are ſet down to Dinner, you muſt eat as impudently as can be. When your Knight is upon the *ſtewed Mutton*, be you preſently in the boſom of the *Gooſe*; when your Juſtice of Peace is knuckle-deep in the *Gooſe*, you may without diſparagement fall very manfully to your *Woodcocks*. You may riſe in Dinner-time to ask for a *Cloſe-ſtool*, proteſting to all the Gentlemen, that it coſts you an hundred pounds *per Annum* for Phyſick, beſides the Annual Penſion which your wife allows her Doctor. And if you pleaſe, you may invite ſome ſpecial Friend of yours from the Table, to hold Diſcourſe with you as you ſit in that *withdrawing Chamber*; from whence being returned again to the Board, you ſhall ſharpen the

wits of all the eating Gallants about you, and do them great pleasure, to ask what *Pamphlets* or *Poems* a man might think fittest to *wipe his Tail with*: And in propounding this Question, you may abuse the Works of any man, deprave his Writings that you cannot equal, and purchase to your self in time the name of a severe *Critick*.

After Dinner, every man as his business leads him, some to *Dice*, some to *Plays*, some to take up Friends in the *Court*, some to take up mony in the City. And thus as the *People* is said to be a *Beast of many heads* (yet all those heads like *Hydra*'s) overgrowing as various in their *horns*, as wondrous in their *budding* and *branching*; so in an *Ordinary* you shall find the variety of a whole Kingdom in a few *Apes* of the Nation

You muſt not ſwear in your Dicing, for that argues a violent impatience to depart from your money, and in time will betray a mans need; take heed of it. No, if you be at *Hazard* or *Put*, you ſhall ſit as patiently (though you loſe half a years exhibition) as a diſarmed Gentleman does when he is in the unmerciful hands of Serjeants. Yet I will allow you to ſwear privately, and tear ſix or ſeven ſcore pair of *Cards*, be the damnation of ſome dozen bail of *Dice*, and forſwear *Play* a thouſand times in an hour, but not ſwear.

At your Twelve Penny *Ordinary* you may give any young *Knight* (if he be but one degree towards the Equinoctial of the ſalt-ſellar) leave to pay for the wine; and he ſhall not refuſe it, though it be but a week before the receiving of his Quarters Rent, which

is a time albeit of good hope, yet of preſent neceſſity.

There is another *Ordinary*, to which your *London-Uſurer*, your *ſtale Batchelor*, and your *thrifty Attorney* do reſort; the price three pence: the Rooms as full as a Goal, and indeed divided into ſeveral Wards, like the beds of an Hoſpital. The Complement between theſe is not much, their words few; for *the Belly hath no Ears*: every mans eye here is upon the other mans Trencher, to note whether his fellow lurch him or no. If they chance to Diſcourſe, 'tis of nothing but of Statutes, Bonds, Recognizances, Fines, Recoveries, Rents, Subſidies, Incloſures, Indictments, Outlaries, Feoffments, Judgments, Commiſſions, Banckrouts, Amercements, and ſuch like horrible matter. I can finde nothing in this *Ordinary* worthy

worthy the ſitting down for; therefore the Cloth ſhall be taken away; and thoſe that are thought good enough to be Gueſts here, ſhall be too baſe to be waiters at our Grand *Ordinary*, at which your Gallant taſtes theſe Commodities; he ſhall fare well, enjoy good Company, receive all the News e're the Poſt can deliver his Packet, Proclaim his good Cloaths, know this man to drink well, that to feed ſtoutly; he ſhall, if he be minded to Travel, put out mony upon his Return, and have hands enough to receive it upon any terms of repayment: and no Queſtion, if he be poor, he ſhall now and then light upon ſome *Gull* or other, whom he may bubble (after the Gentile Faſhion) of money. By this time the parings of *Fruit* and *Cheeſe* are in the Voyder, *Cards* and *Dice* lie ſtinking in the fire;

ſome are gone to one *Theatre*, ſome to the other. Let us take a pair of Oars for *Dorſet-ſtairs*, and ſo in to the *Theatre* after them as faſt as we can.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Inſtructions for a young Gallant how to behave himſelf in the Play-houſe.

THe *Theatre* is your *Poets Royal Exchange*, upon which their *Muſes* (that are now turned to Merchants) meeting, barter away that light Commodity of words, for a lighter ware than words, *Plaudities*, and the breath of the great Beaſt, which (like the threatnings of two Cowards) vaniſh into Air.

The *Play-houſe* is free for entertainment, allowing Room as well to the *Farmers Son* as to a *Templer*; yet it is not fit that he whom the moſt Taylors bills make room for when he comes, ſhould

be baſely, like a Viol, caſed up in a corner: Therefore, I ſay, let our Gallant (having paid his *half Crown*, and given the Door-keeper his *Ticket*) preſently advance himſelf into the middle of the *Pit*, where having made his Honor to the reſt of the Company, but eſpecially to the Vizard-Maſks, let him pull out his Comb, and manage his flaxen Wig with all the Grace he can. Having ſo done, the next ſtep is to give a hum to the *China-Orange-wench*, and give her her own rate for her Oranges (for 'tis below a *Gentleman* to ſtand haggling like a *Citizens wife*) and then to preſent the faireſt to the next Vizard-mask. And that I may incourage our Gallant not like the Trades-man to ſave a ſhilling, and ſo ſit but in the Middle-Gallery, let him but conſider what large comings-in are purſed up ſitting in the *Pit*.

1. Firſt,

1. First, A conſpicuous Eminence is gotten, by which means the beſt and moſt eſſential parts of a Gentleman, as his fine Cloaths and Perruke, are perfectly revealed.

2. By ſitting in the *Pit*, if you be a Knight, you may happily get you a Miſtreſs; which if you would, I adviſe you never to be abſent when *Epſome Wells* is plaid: for,

We ſee the Wells *have ſtoln the* Vizard-masks *away.* — *Empreſs of Morocco* in the *Prologue.*

But if you be but a meer *Fleetſtreet* Gentleman, a Wife: but aſſure your ſelf, by your continual reſidence there, you are the firſt and principal man in election to begin the number of *We three.*

It ſhall Crown you with rich Com-

Commendation, to laugh aloud in the midſt of the moſt ſerious and ſudden Scene of the terribleſt Tragedy, and to let the *Clapper* (your *Tongue*) be toſſed ſo high, that all the Houſe may *ring* of it: for by talking and laughing, you heap *Pelion* upon *Oſſa*, Glory upon Glory: as firſt, all the eyes in the Galleries will leave walking after the Players, and only follow you: the moſt Pedantick Perſon in the Houſe ſnatches up your name; and when he meets you in the Streets, he'l ſay, *He is ſuch a Gallant*; and the people admire you.

Secondly, You publiſh your temperance to the world, in that you ſeem not to reſort thither to taſte vain Pleaſures with an hungry Appetite; but only as a Gentleman to ſpend a fooliſh hour or two, becauſe you can do nothing elſe.

Now Sir, if the Poet be a fellow

that

that hath *Lampoon'd* or *libelled* you, or hath had a flirt at your Miſtreſs, you ſhall diſgrace him worſe than toſſing him in a Blanket, or giving him the Baſtinado in a Tavern, if in the middle of the Play you ariſe with a ſkrew'd and diſcontented face (as if you had the griping in the Guts) and be gone; and further to vex him, mew at paſſionate Speeches, blare at merry, find fault with the Muſick, whiſtle at the Songs, and above all, curſe the Sharers, that whereas the very ſame day you had beſtowed five pounds for an embroidered Belt, you encounter with the very ſame on the Stage, when the Belt-maker ſwore the impreſſion was new but that morning.

To conclude, hoard up the fineſt Play-ſcraps you can get, upon which your lean Wit may moſt ſavourly

savourly feed for want of other stuff; for this is only Furniture for a Courtier that is but a new Beginner, and is but in his *A B C* of Complement. The next places that are filled after the *Playhouses* be emptied, are *Taverns*. Into a *Tavern* let us then march, where the Brains of one Hogshead must be beaten out to make up another.

CHAP.

Chap. VI.

Instructions how a young Gallant should behave himself in a Tavern.

WHosoever desires to be accounted a well-wisher to the Publike, whether he be a Country-Gentleman that brings his wife up to learn the Fashions, see the Tombs at *Westminster*, the Lyons in the Tower, or take Physick; or else is some young Farmer, who many times makes his wife (in the Country) believe he hath Suites in Law, because he will come up to his Letchery; be he of what stamp he will that hath mony in his Purse, and a good Conscience to spend it, my counsel is, that he take his continual Diet

Diet at a *Tavern*, which is the only Rendezvouz of boon Company, and the Drawers the most nimble, the most bold, and most sudden Proclaimers of your largest Bounty.

Having put your self into an Equipage, your office is to enquire out those *Taverns* which are best customed, whose Masters are oftnest drunk, and such as stand farthest from the *Counters*; where landing your self and your followers, your first Complement shall be, to grow most inwardly acquainted with the Drawers, to learn their names, as *Jack* and *Will*, and *Tom*; to dive into their Inclinations, as, whether this fellow useth the Fencing-School, this the Dancing-School; whether that young Conjurer (in Hogsheads) at Midnight keeps a *Gelding* now and then to visit his *Cockatrice*; or whe-

whether he loves *Dogs*, or be addicted to any other eminent and Gentleman-like quality; and profeſt your ſelf to be extremely in love, and that you ſpend much mony in a year upon any of thoſe Exerciſes, which you perceive is followed by them. The uſe which you ſhould make of this familiarity, is this; if you want mony five or ſix days together, you may ſtill pay the Reckoning with this moſt Gentleman-like Language, *Boy fetch me mony from the Bar.* Beſides, you ſhall be ſure (if there be one Fawcet that can betray neat wine to the Bar) to have that aſſigned before you ſooner than better and a worthier Perſon.

For your Drink, let not your *Phyſitian* confine you to any one *particular Liquor*: for as it is very requiſite that a Gentleman ſhould not always be plodding in one

Art

Art, but rather be a general Scholar (that is, to have a lick at all ſorts of Learning, and away) ſo 'tis not fitting a man ſhould trouble his head with ſucking at one Grape.

Your Diſcourſe at the Table muſt be ſuch, as that which you utter at an Ordinary; your Behaviour the ſame, but ſomewhat more careleſly: for where your Expence is great, let your modeſty be leſs; and though you ſhould be mad in a *Tavern*, the largeneſs of the *Items* will bear with your incivility; you may without prick to your Conſcience ſet the want of your Wit againſt the ſuperfluity of their Reckonings. Again, inquire what Gallants ſup in the next Room; and if there be any of your Acquaintance, do not you (after the City-faſhion) ſend them in a Bottle of Wine, and your name

name ſweetned in two pitiful papers of Sugar, with ſome ſimple Apology cram'd in the mouth of a Drawer: No, no, that's below a Gentleman; nor when the terrible Reckoning (like an Indictment) bids you hold up your hand, and that you muſt anſwer it at the Bar, you muſt not abate one penny in any particular, but only caſt your eye upon the *Totalis*, and no further: for to traverſe the Bill, would betray you to be acquainted with the rates of the Market; nay more, it would make the Vintner believe you were *Familias*, and kept a Houſe, which I will aſſure you is not now in faſhion.

At your departure forth of the Houſe, to kiſs mine Hoſteſs over the Bar, or to accept of the courteſie of the Cellar, or to bid any of the Vintners good night, is as commendable as for a Barber after

ming to lave your face with Rose-water, &c.

Chap. VII.

Instructions for a young Gallant how to behave himself passing through the City *at all hours of the night, and how to pass by any* Watch.

After the sound of *Bottles* is out of your Ears, and that the spirit of *Wine* and *Tobacco* walks in your Brain, the Tavern-door being shut upon your back, pass through the wide and high streets in the City; and if your means cannot reach to the keeping of a Boy, hire one of the Drawers to be as a Lanthorn unto your feet, and to light you home; and still as you approach near any Night-walker,

walker, that is up as late as your ſelf, curſe and ſwear (like one that ſpeaks *High-Dutch*) in a lofty voice, becauſe your man hath uſed you ſo like a Raskal in not waiting upon you; and vow the next morning to pull his blew Livery over his ears; though if your Chamber were well ſearched, you give only 6 *d.* a week to ſome old woman to make your Bed, and that ſhe is all the Servant that you give wages to. If you ſmell a *Watch* (and that you may eaſily do, for commonly they eat Onions to keep themſelves in ſleeping, which they account a Medicine againſt the cold) and you come within danger of their brown Bills, let him that is your Candleſtick, let *Ignis fatuus*, I ſay, being within reach of the Conſtables-ſtaff, ask aloud, Sir *Giles*, or Sir *Abram*, will you turn this way, or

down that Street? And if the Centinel and his Court of Guard ſtand ſtrictly upon his Martial Law, and cry *Stand*, commanding you to give the *Word*, and to ſhew reaſon why your Ghoſt walks ſo late; do it in ſome jeſt: or if you read a *Mittimus* in the Conſtables Book, counterfeit your ſelf to be a *French-man*, a *Dutchman*, or any other Nation whoſe Country is at peace with your own; and you may paſs: for being not able to underſtand you, they cannot by the Cuſtom of the City take your examination, and ſo by conſequence they have nothing to ſay to you.

All the way as you paſs (eſpecially being approacht near ſome of the Gates) talk of none but Lords or ſuch Ladies with whom you have plaid at *Cribbidge* and *Poſt and Pair*, the very ſame day: and being

being arrived at your Lodging-door, which I would counſel you to chooſe in ſome rich Citizens houſe, ſalute no man at parting but by the name of *Sir* (as though you had ſupped with *Knights*) although you had none in your company but *Foot-boys*.

Happily it will be blown abroad that you and your ſhole of Gallants ſwam through ſuch an Ocean of Wine; that you danced ſo much money out at heels, and that in wild-fowl there flew away ſo much; and have your Bill of your Reckoning loſt on purpoſe, ſo that it may be publiſhed, will make you to be held in dear eſtimation: only the danger is, if that your revelling gets your Creditors by the ears, for then look to have a peal of Ordnance thundering at your Chamber-door the next morning: but if either your Taylor, Mercer,

Habberdaſher, Silk-man, Linnen-draper, or Sempſter, ſtand like a Guard of *Switzers* about your Lodging, waiting your up-riſing; or if they miſs of that, your down-lying in one of the Counters, you have no means to avoid the galling of their ſmall ſhot, but by ſending out a Light-Horſe-man, to call your Apothecary to your aid, who encountring this deſperate band of your Creditors, only with two or three Glaſſes in his hands, as though that day you purged, is able to drive them all to their holes like ſo many Foxes: for the name of taking Phyſick is a ſufficient *Quietus eſt* to any endangered Gentleman.

I could now *breath* you in a *Fencing-School*, and out of that *Cudgel* you into a *Dancing-School*; and to cloſe up this Feaſt, I could make Cockneys whoſe Fathers have

have left them well, acknowledge themſelves infinitely beholding to me, for teaching them by familiar demonſtration how to ſpend their Patrimony, and to get themſelves names when their Fathers are dead: But leſt too many Diſhes ſhould caſt you into a ſurfet, I will now *take away*; yet ſo, that if I perceive you to reliſh this well, the reſt ſhall be in time prepared for you. Farewel.

THE CHARACTER OF

A Proud, Huffing, Self-conceited, Foppish and Lascivious YOUNG GALLANT.

TO take him *ab origine*, he was born and shaped for his Cloaths; and had *Adam* not faln, he had lived to no purpose: he gratulates therefore the first sin, and fig-leaves that were an occasion of bravery. His first care is his Dress, the next his Body; and in the uniting these two, lies his Soul and its Faculties. If he be qualified in Gaming notably and

and extraordinarily, he is ſo much the more gentile and compleat, and he learns the beſt Oaths for the ſame purpoſe; theſe are ſome part of his Diſcourſe, and he is as curious in their newneſs, as the Faſhion. He knows no man, that is not generally known: his Wit, like the Marigold, openeth with the Sun; and therefore he ariſes not afore ten of the Clock. He puts more confidence in his *words* than *meaning*, and more in his *pronunciation* than his *words*. Occaſion is his *Cupid*, and he hath but one receipt of making love. He follows nothing but Inconſtancie, admires nothing but Beauty, and honours nothing but Fortune. He is a great News-monger; and his cenſure, like a ſhot, depends upon the Charging. You ſhall never ſee him ſerious, but with his Taylor, when he is in conſpiracie for the

next

ext deviſe. He is furniſhed with is Jeſts as ſome wanderer with ermons, ſome three for all Congregations; one eſpecially againſt he *Scholar*, a man to him much ridiculous, whom he knows by no ther definition, than *ſilly fellow black*. He is a kind of a walking Mercers-ſhop, and ſhews you ne ſtuff to day, and another to orrow; an Ornament to the ooms he comes in, as the fair bed nd hangings be, and is meerly rable accordingly, fifty or one undred pounds, as his Suite is. le is ignorant of nothing, no not f thoſe things where ignorance is he leſſer ſhame. He gets the ames of good Wits, and utters hem for his Companions. He confeſſeth Vices that he is guilty of, if hey be in faſhion; and dares not ſalute a man in old Cloaths, or out of faſhion. There is not a publike

Aſſem-

Assembly without him, and he will take any pains for an acquaintance there. He alloweth of no Judge but the eye. He is somewhat like the Salamander, and lives in the flame of love; which pains he expresseth; and nothing grieves him so much, as the want of a Poet to make an issue in his love: yet he sighs sweetly, and speaks lamentably; for his breath is perfumed, and his words are wind. He laughs at every person whose *Perruke* sits not well, or that hath not a pair of *Pantaloons*. His very essence he placeth in his outside; and his chiefest prayers and wishes are, that his revenues may hold out so as to be able to keep his Miss, and keep himself in a good Equipage. You shall never see him melancholy, but when he wants a new Suite, or fears a Serjeant. Again, he is *Mountains*

Monky,

nky, that climbing a Tree, and pping from bough to bough, ves you back his face; but com- once to the top, he holds his ose up into the wind, and shews u his Tayl. All his gay-glitter ews on him as if the Sun shone in puddle: for he is a small Wine at will not last; and when he is lling, he goes of himself faster an misery can drive him. You ay observe, if you do but ob- rve him well, that his whole life but a counterfeit Patent, which evertheless makes many a Coun- y-Justice of Peace tremble. He heats young Gulls that are newly ome to Town; and when the keeper of the Ordinary blames him for it, he answers him in his own Profession, That *the Wood-cock must be pluckt ere he be dresst.* He accounts bashfulness the wic- ked'st thing in the world, and there-

therefore ſtudies Impudence: if all men were of his mind, all honeſty would be out of faſhion. He much frequents the two Theatres: picks up a Miſs, and pinches her fingers, and cryes, *Damme, Madam, if you were but ſenſible of the paſſion that I have for you, and the mortal wounds that your beauty hath given me, you won'd* —— and it may be he never ſaw her afore in his life: and if he cannot prevail with her for —— and he finds her honeſt, then he cries, *Damye for a preciſe whore, What make you in the Pit here? the Twelve-penny Gallery and Foot-boys are good enough for you*: and ſo leaves attacquing her. And if he lights of no other game, when the Play is done, if you mark his riſing, 'tis with a kind of walking Epilogue; mounts the Stage from the Pit, and walks to and fro the Stage, and amongſt

mongſt the Scenes, to ſee if his ſuite may paſs for currant. Schollar he pretends himſelf, and ſays he has ſweat for it; but the truth is, he knows *Cornelius* better far than *Tacitus*: his ordinary and moſt uſual Sports (though not all) are Cock-fights, but moſt frequent Horſe-races; from whence he comes home dry-foundered; and when his Purſe hath caſt her Calf, he goes down into the Country for a recruit; and if he cannot have as much as he demands, preſently huffs the good-natured man his Father, or the provident woman his Mother: but at laſt, having wheadled ſomebody of a ſum of mony, up again he comes for *London*, the Play-houſe, the Ordinary, and the Tavern, where it is nothing with him, if any of the Drawers give him but a croſs word, nay, if they do not accent

their

their Syllables aright when they ſpeak to him, he preſently makes them meaſure their lenghts on the ground, and cracks their crowns with a Quart-Bottle, a Candle-ſtick, or any thing that comes next his hands; and if they do but offer to vindicate themſelves, *Damye, are you not ſatisfied?* away he goes, and it may be upon pretence of the Drawers abuſing him, builds a Sconce on the Houſe. The next houſe he comes into, if it be to Dinner or any Treat, he is ſo proud, that if he be not placed in the high-eſt Seat, he eats nothing, he pro-feſſeth to keep his Stomach for the Pheaſant or the Quail; and when they come in, he can eat nothing he hath been ſo cloyed with them that year, although they be the firſt he ſaw: he riſes up in a huff from Table, and it may be tick his reckoning, that he may keep half

half a Crown in his Pocket to ſit in the Pit in the Play-houſe. He now and then, it may be, will go to hear a Sermon, only to ſhew his gay Cloaths and his flaxen Wig. In the ſpeculation of his good parts, his eyes, like a Drunkard's, are all double; and his fancie, like an old mans Spectacles, make a great letter in a ſmall print. He imagines every place where he comes his Theatre, and not a book ſtirring but his Spectator; and conceives mens thoughts to be very idle, that is, only buſie about him. His walk is ſtill in the faſhion of a March, and like his Opinion, unaccompanied with his eyes; moſt fixed upon his own perſon, or on others with reflexion to himſelf. If he hath done any thing that hath paſſed with applauſe, he is always re-acting it alone, and conceits the extaſie his

Hearers were in at every period. Another part of his Diſcourſe is Poſitions, and definitive Decrees, with *thus it muſt be*, and *thus it is*; and he will not humble himſelf to prove it. Methinks *Virgil* well expreſſes him in thoſe well-behav'd Ghoſts that *Æneas* met with, that were friends to talk with, and men to look on; but if he graſpt them, but air: ſo he is one that lies kindly to you, and for good faſhion-ſake; and 'tis diſcourteſie in you to believe him: his words are but ſo many fine and delicate Phraſes ſet together, which ſerve equally for all men, and are equally to no purpoſe: each freſh encounter with a man, puts him to the ſame part again; and he goes over to you, what he ſaid to him was laſt with him: he kiſſes your hand as he kiſſed his before, & is your humble

Ser-

ervant to be commanded; but
ou shall intreat of him nothing;
is proffers are universal and gene-
l, with exceptions as against all
rticulars: he will do any thing
r you; but if you urge him to
is, he cannot; or to that, he is
gaged; but he will do any
ing (observe how complemental
d obliging he is.) Promises he
counts but a kind of unmanner-
words, and in the expectation
your Manners not to exact
em; if you do, he wonders at
our ill-breeding, that you cannot
stinguish betwixt what is spoken
d what is meant. No man gives
tter satisfaction at the first, and
omes off more with the Elogie of
fine Gentleman, until you know
im better, and then you know
m for nothing. Again, he is one
at loves to gratifie the old man;
d thus he boasts himself the Ser-

vant of many Mistresses, but all are but his Lust, to which only he is faithful, and none besides, and spends his best Blood and Spirits in the Service. His Soul is the bound to his Body; and those that assist him in this nature, the nearest to it. No man abuses more the name of *Love*, or those whom he applies this name to: for his Love is like his Stomach, to feed on what he loves, and in the end to surfet and loath, till a fresh Appetite rekindle him; and it kindles on any one sooner, than who deserves best of him. No man laughs at his sin more than he, or is so extremely tickled with the remembrance of it; and he is more violent to a modest ear, than to her h deflowr'd. A bawdy Jest enters deep into him, and whatsoever you speak, he will draw to Bawdry; and his Wit is seldom or e

er ſo quick as here. There is nothing more hard to his Perſwation, than a chaſte man, no Eunuch; and makes a ſcoffing and unheard-of Wonder and Miracle, if you tell him but of a pure Virgin or a Maid. He hath many fine quips at the folly of *plain-dealing*; but his laſh is greateſt, and moſt of all, at *Religion*; yet he uſes this too, and vertue and good words, but is leſs dangerouſly a Devil than a Saint. He aſcribes all honeſty to an unpractis'dneſs in the humours and converſations of his Fellow-town-Gallants; and Conſcience he adjudges and deems a thing fit only for Children. He ſcorns all that are ſo ſilly to truſt him; and only not ſcorns his Enemy, eſpecially if as bad as himſelf, he fears him as a man well armed and provided; and ſets boldly on good natures, as the moſt facile and eaſie

to be vanquiſhed. To conclude, he is generally and univerſally of ſo bad a nature and diſpoſition, that no civilized perſon will either keep Company, or hold Correſpondence with him; & he diſlikes them as bad, if not worſe, than they him, and delights in no Company but ſuch as are like himſelf; which is evident by that common Proverb, *Birds of a Feather flock together*: for his and his Companions deſigne is nothing but to cheat the world with a fair outſhew, build Sconces in publike Houſes, cheat young innocent Gentlemen of their Eſtates, and be revenged upon thoſe *inanimalia* commonly called *Glaſs-windows*, as they paſs the ſtreets all hours of the night, and ſo to their Lodgings, or ſome Bawdy-houſe, where they get claps, die, and are buried no body knows how, or cares where.

THE

THE CHARACTER OF A True, Noble, Liberal, AND STAYED GENTLEMAN.

THere is as great a distance between him and our huffing and self-conceited Gallant, as there is between us and the *Antipodes*. The former's delights and pleasures consist in fine Cloaths, gentile Oaths, as he calls them; and except you are as well

verſed in thoſe as himſelf, he will neither keep Company, or have any thing to do with you; unleſs he finds you of no great reach or underſtanding, and thereby he is raiſed in his expectation to bubble you out of a ſum of mony, of a Watch, or a Diamond-Ring; then he will be moſt complaiſant with you. And there is no man puts his brain to more uſe than he; for his whole life is a daily Invention, and each meal a new Stratagem. But now our true and noble-ſpirited Gentleman is one that hath taken order with himſelf, and ſets a rule to all his pleaſures and delights; not too preciſe or too laviſh, but keeps a juſt *medium* and *decorum* in every thing. He will keep company with none but ingenious perſons, and hates a Fop, and avoids him as much, as a Mariner doth *Scylla* or *Charibdis*; and hath

hath as great kindneſs for him as a Puritan hath for a Biſhop or Surplice. His whole life is as it were diſtinct in Method, and his Actions caſt up before; not looſed into the Worlds vanities, but gathered and contracted up in his ſtation; not ſcattered into many pieces of buſineſſes, but that one courſe he takes goes through with: one that is firm and ſtanding in his deſignes and purpoſes, not heaved off with each wind and paſſion; that ſquares his Expence to his Coffers, and makes the total firſt, and then the *Items*; one that thinks what he does, and does what he ſaith, & foreſees what he may do before he purpoſes: one whoſe [*If I can*] is more than anothers aſſurance, and his doubtful Tale before ſome mens Proteſtations; that is confident of nothing in futurity, yet his Conjectures oft true Propheſies; that

that makes a pauſe ſtill betwixt his ear and belief, and is not at all forward or haſty to ſay after others: one whoſe Tongue is ſtrung up like a Clock till the time, and then ſtrikes, and ſays much when he talks little; that can ſee the truth betwixt two wranglers, and ſees them agree in that they fall out upon; that ſpeaks no Rebellion in a bravery, or talks big from the ſpirit of Sack: a man temperate and cool in his paſſions, not eaſily betrayed by his Choler; that vies not Oath with Oath, nor heat with heat, but replies calmly to an angry man, and is too hard for him too. Duelliſt he is none, nor like our Huff, that is commonly moſt inſulting and courageous if he hath a Coward to deal with; labouring to take off this ſuſpition from himſelf: For the Opinion of Valour is a good Protection to thoſe that

dare

dare not uſe it. No man is valianter than our Huff in civil Company, and where he thinks no danger may come of it; and he is the moſt ready to fall upon a Drawer or Tapſter, and thoſe that muſt not ſtrike again. Wonderful exceptious and cholerick when he ſees men are unwilling and loath to give him occaſion; and you cannot pacifie him better, than by quarrelling with him; the hotter you grow, the more temperate man he is; he proteſts he always honoured you; and the more you rail upon him, the more he honours you; and you threaten him at laſt into a very quiet and modeſt man. The ſight of a Sword wounds him more ſenſibly than the ſtroak; for before that come, he is dead already. Every man is his Maſter that dare beat him. For his friend he cares not for, as a man that carries

ries no ſuch terror as his Enemy, which for this cauſe is the more potent with him of the two; and men fall out with him on purpoſe to get courteſies from him, and be bribed again to a reconcilement. A man in whom no ſecret can be bound up: for the apprehenſion of each danger frightens him, and makes him bewray the Room and it. He is a Chriſtian meerly for fear of Hell-fire; and if any Religion could fright him more, he would be of that. Now it is quite contrary between this our Huff and our diſcreet and Noble-ſpirited Gentleman: for he on the other ſide, though he ſometimes ſeems to be haughty and proud, yet in reality he is not: you may forgive him his looks for his worths ſake; for they are too proud to be baſe: one whom no rate can buy off from the leaſt piece of his free-

dom,

dom, and make him digeſt an unworthy thought an hour. He cannot crouch to a Great man to poſſeſs him, nor fall to the earth to rebound never ſo high again; he ſtands taller on his own bottom, than others on the advantage-ground of Fortune, as having *ſolidly* that Honour of which *Title* is but the pomp; he does homage to no man for his great Stile ſake, but is ſtrictly juſt in the exaction of reſpect again; and will not bate you a Complement, though he doth not value them: he is more ſenſible of a neglect than an undoing, and ſcorns no man ſo much as his ſurly threatner: a man though he hath been abuſed, and taken an affront, yet is quickly laid down with ſatisfaction, and remits an injury upon the acknowledgement and confeſſion of it; one that ſtands not upon trifling punctilio's of honour, as taking the wall, the right

right hand; but laughs at the ridiculousness of such persons that do stand upon it. Only to himself he is irreconcilable, whom he never forgives a disgrace, but is still stabbing himself with the thought of it; and no disease that he dies of sooner. He is one that strives more to be quit with his Friend than his Enemy. Fortune may kill him, but not deject him; not make him fall into an humbler key than before, but he is now loftier than ever in his own defence; you shall hear him talk still after thousands, and he becomes it better than those that have it: he is one that is above the world and its drudgery; one that will do nothing upon Command, though he would do it otherwise; and if ever he do evil, 'tis when he is dared to it: one who is not deep in Drapers, Mercers, or Silkmens Books, but pay, when he hath his Commodities

modities delivered : one whom no ill hunting ſends home diſcontented, and makes him ſwear at his Dogs and Family : one who keeps his Servants long, and alters not his Lodgings every week ; not haſty to purſue every new Faſhion, nor yet over-preciſe, but gravely handſom, and to his place, which ſuites him better than his Taylor ; active in the world without diſquiet, and careful without miſery ; yet neither ingulft in his pleaſures, nor a ſeeker of buſineſs, but hath his hour for both. His pleaſures and paſtimes are ſometimes Reading Hiſtory, ſometimes Hunting, Hawking, Fowling and Fiſhing, & ſometimes to ſee a Play ; but not to appoint Aſſignations, or ſeek for Adventures ; nor is his humor much allied to the Romance ; that he can neither act without the diſtreſſed Lady ; nor is it to meet his Friends there, nor to joyn himſelf

ſelf in a Squadron for ſome notable and gallant exploit, as the other Gallant (Huff) doth, who after the Play is done, is next for a Houſe of Pleaſure, and then the *French* Houſe, where having repeated their former Gallantry, and heightned their courage with Eloquence and Wine, they are fit for any thing except Civility. In theſe brave humors hath many a *Watchman* been forced to meaſure his length upon the ground, the poor *Conſtable* been put beſide the gravity of his Interrogatories; ---- many a timerous female hath been forced to fill the Air with ſhrieks and bewailings, whileſt during this cloſe engagement the thundering Cannon of their Oaths have with horrour filled the Neighbourhood. But the true-bred Gentleman ſits the Play out patiently, without flinging his eyes abroad to ken the

Vizard-

Vizard-Masks, and so board them; where if he observes any thing that is good or ingenious, he turns it into practice; and after the Play is done, home he goes to his Lodging, and can there laugh at the Fopperies of some Persons that were presented: he can pick good out of the worst evil; and you shall never know him live above his Estate, which too too many now adays do, who are of *Horace's* Opinion, *Fugere cras quærere.* He is a man that seldom laughs violently, but his mirth is a chearful look: he affects nothing so wholly, that he must be a miserable man when he looses it: one that loves his Credit, not this word *Reputation*; yet can save both without a Duel; whose Entertainments to those of a higher rank are respectful, not only flash and meer Complement. A man he is well poized

in all humours, in whom Nature ſhewed moſt Geometry. At your firſt acquaintance with him, he is exceeding kind, obliging, and friendly, and at your twentieth meeting after friendly ſtill: he relieves the poor at his door, and the ſick with his eſtate: he can liſten to a fooliſh diſcourſe with an applauſive attention, and conceals his laughter at Non-ſenſe. Silly men much honour and eſteem him, becauſe by his fair reaſoning with them, as men of underſtanding, he puts them into an erroneous Opinion of themſelves, and makes them forwarder hereafter to their own diſcovery. He is the Steers-man of his own Deſtiny, Truth is the Goddeſs, and he takes pains to get her, not to look like her: he knows the condition of the world, that he muſt act one thing like another, and then another;

ther; to these he carries his desires and not his desires him; and sticks not fast by the way (for that Contentment is Repentance) but knowing the Circle of all Courses, of all intents, of all things, to have but one Center or Period, without all distraction. Unto the Society of men he is a Sun, whose clearness directs their steps in a regular Motion; when he is more particular, he is the poor, needy, and wise mans Friend, the Example of the indifferent, the Medicine of the vitious: his Bounty is limited by Reason, not Ostentation; and to make it last, he deals it discreetly, as we sow the furrow, not by the sack, but by the handful: his word and his meaning are quadrate, and never shake hands and part, but always go together: he can survey good, and love it; and loves to do it himself, for its own sake, not

for thanks: Nobility lightens in his eyes, and in his face and gesture is painted the God of Hospitality: his heart never grows old, no more than his Memory: he passeth his time so well, that a man cannot say that any of it is lost by him: nor hath he only years to approve he hath lived till he be old, but Virtues.

And thus I have given you the Character of the *Fop*, and a true *well-bred Gentleman*; the Life and Conversation of the former, being by all persons that have any Reason left to be shunned; the Actions and Life of the later to be embraced and cherished.

FINIS.